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JOURNEY INWARD

By Catherine de Hueck Doherty

A leaf drifted lazily, golden against the blue autumn sky. Slowly it fell on the quiet water of a garden pool. It floated gracefully, a tiny speck of color on the mirror of the heavens.

This is the first memory I have of "being." I was then four. It was early autumn in Russia. The pool was in a public park to which my nurse had taken me. Now, fifty-four years later, I often think of the first strange moment in our human existence — when we first realize THAT WE ARE. An awesome moment. The beginning of our journey of life, which, for all of us, should be a JOURNEY INWARD — TO MEET THE GOD WHO DWELLS WITHIN US.

For what does all else matter? All else but that search for God? That desire to know Him, to love Him, and to be with Him in His "tenting glory"? To live in His presence now by Faith, and constantly to strengthen the arms of that Faith, so that they may gradually become strong enough to part the heavy curtains that separate earthbound man from Him . . . so that even in this life our souls may know union with Him.

To be possessed by God . . . to surrender to Him utterly, completely . . . so that even before death one may say with St. Paul . . . I LIVE NOT, CHRIST LIVETH IN ME! To do this because one is passionately in love with Him . . . and because one's soul is filled with but one desire to make Him loved and known by others . . . that, to me, is LIFE!

THIS JOURNEY INWARD ALL MEN MUST UNDERTAKE, IF THEY WANT TO BECOME ONE WITH THE TRIUNE GOD WHO DWELLS IN THEIR SOULS.

It is a long journey. Not in time perhaps, but in effort. It is a journey of death, yet of life. Death to self — slow and painful. The resurrection that follows the "dying" is also slow. It is often unnoticed. The journey inward is a journey of strife, that leads to peace. Of pain that leads to healing. Of sorrow that turns into joy.

Of such a journey I would write. Mumbly, reverently, with a heart filled with gratitude! My only reason for such writing is to praise God and to thank Him for His infinite love.

Not long ago, during a retreat, after meditating on God's ways with men, I wrote a sort of a summary . . . or is it a prologue? to my journey inward. To me, it became a map to that journey. Here it is. Perhaps it may help someone else to make a map.

My soul hungered, I think,
For God,
Before it was clothed
With flesh.

But, when it became
Imprisoned
In the flesh that is
I,
It fell asleep.

And those who sleep
Know hunger not.

Somewhere along
The road of life
By the grace of
God,
My soul woke up.

And its hunger
Now,
Became a fire.

A fire that consumed
Me.
Ate me up
With its intense
Devouring heat.

I could not rest
Anywhere
Except in motion.

In a motion that
Led me to
God.

That is how I
Began
The journey inward.

That long, endless
Journey,
That every soul
Must undertake

If she is to meet
Her God.

It is a strange
Journey,
Across arid plains,
And verdant valleys, and

Dried parchment-like
Deserts.

A journey of
Twisting, narrow
Roads.

Now leading
Upwards,
Now downwards.

A journey of many
Cross-roads
And endless
Sharp turns

That confuse
And clamor
For a rest.

But the hunger
For God,
Knows no rest.
So I go on,
And on, and on.

Yes, it is a strange
Journey,
That slowly
Makes me shed
All the baggage
I took for it.

The baggage I took
For it,
Before I knew
That it was
Too heavy a load
For this kind of
Journey.

I don't know where
I left it.
Somewhere
Back there
By some cross-road.

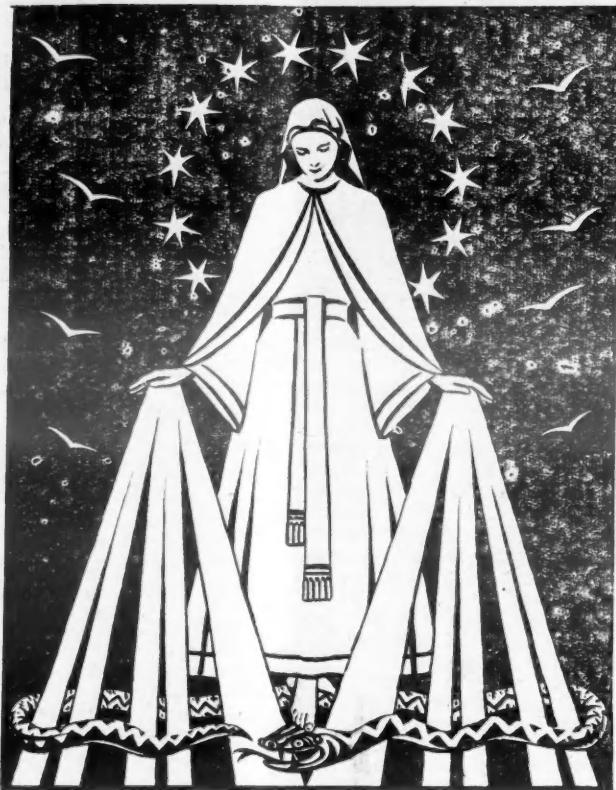
Now I am baggage-less,
But somehow
Still too heavily
Burdened.

My hunger drives me
On.
But now, for speedy
Travelling, it
Demands

I must start
Shedding my
Clothing.
There, on this stone
I must lay
The cloak
Of selfishness
That kept me warm.

It is cold
Without it,
But I can walk
Faster,
As my hunger
Urges me
To.

(Continued on Page Four)



Our Lady of Combermere

OUR LADY OF COMBERMERE

The last letter we received from our friend, the artist who is doing the statue of OUR LADY OF COMBERMERE, said that we may expect it some time this year, probably in the late summer or early Fall.

You remember, dear friends, how utterly surprised and delighted we were when Rome granted us permission, to use, officially, this lovely title for our Lady—a brand new one at that—and also permission to erect a shrine for her at Madonna House.

That Is Her Way

We certainly could not doubt, any more, that Mary wanted to be known under that new title; nor that she had greatly blessed our House—in choosing it for her new shrine. She was the most obedient of God's creatures—and she showed it once more, by so arranging things THAT WE FIRST WROTE ABOUT IT ALL TO OUR GOOD Bishop, The Most Reverend W. J. Smith, and through him obtained the needed permissions in Rome.

That is the way of the Mother of God. Through the Church of her Son. How quietly she worked it all out. No startling apparitions! No great flaming miracles! Just little favors here and there. Souls moved to pray to her under this title. Graces flowing through her gentle hands. Noiselessly, as when she walked this earth.

It will be a great day for all of us, and our friends everywhere, when the statue comes to Madonna House, and the little humble shrine is erected! Our MOTHER of the PLATEAU. That is the real meaning of the word COMBERMERE. "COMBE" is old French for plateau in the mountains; "MERE" is mother. Madonna House is located on a plateau in the Laurentian Mountains.

To get her here, we need money. It costs something to get a statue six feet tall from Italy, where the bronze will be cast.

She Will Choose
The statue must be bronze, for ours will be an outdoor shrine, and only bronze can resist Canadian winters.

The artist, Miss Frances Rich, God bless her—isn't charging us anything for her work. If she did we would not get our Lady of Combermere here for ages! Here again, Mary chose well. Still, with freight etc, there will be a bill of about two thousand dollars.

We do not expect anyone to donate us TWO THOUSAND DOLLARS IN A SWOOP. Perhaps our Lady doesn't either. I think we would both like a flow

of SILVER, TO ERECT HER STATUE OF BRONZE.

Why not talk it over with Herself—our Lady of Combermere? Surely, since she started on her journey to Combermere, so quietly and gently, she will, I feel sure, just as quietly select those she wants to help enthrone her here.

It seems to me we should rest on this thought, leaving all important financial affairs in her holy hands. She has many friends and lovers all over this Continent. They know her . . . and she knows them. Since she wants to be honored in our humble apostolic house—in a simple rural setting—she will find those who will so honor her.

We—we will simply wait on her own time tables—and pray for those who know them too.

A mass will be said monthly for all contributing to the Shrine of our Lady of Combermere. Please send your intentions too—We will consider it a privilege to pray for them. And please mark all your donations to Our Lady of Combermere statue and "shrine".

LOOK AT BOOKS

By Rev. Eugene Cullinane

THE CONQUERING MARCH OF DON JOHN BOSCO, by Eddie Doherty. Volume II—Bold Shepherds. Volume III—God's Sheep Dogs. Salesiana Publishers, Paterson, New Jersey. 444 pp. \$4.50 in the U.S. Eddie Doherty's three-volume coverage of the life of St. John Bosco is now complete. Volume I, entitled "Lamb in Wolfskins," was published by Charles Scribner's Sons in 1953. Volume II, "Bold Shepherds," and Volume III, "God's Sheep Dogs," are now available, bound together, in one book which bears the series' title, "The Conquering March of Don John Bosco."

Those who have read "Lamb in Wolfskins" have had a pre-view of what is in store for them in "Bold Shepherds" and "God's Sheep Dogs." The last two volumes are as good as the first—in some respects better. In the last thirty years of his life Don Bosco is a greater saint, a greater hero, a greater conqueror than in the early years.

Bold Outlines

Eddie Doherty has taken full advantage of this. The giant stature of Don Bosco, beloved saint and apostle of youth, is masterfully sketched in bold outlines against the flaming backdrop of 19th century Europe, described in a typical "dohertyism" as "the most frightful century in the history of men; a century of mass-misery, mass-mania, mass, debauchery, and mass-murder."

(Continued on Page Four)

St. Benedict's Farm Is A Pantry And A School

By Catherine de Hueck Doherty

Last year we acquired a three hundred and fifty acre farm, with a good house and fair outbuildings. We named it after St. Benedict, who, better than any other saint, showed the world that work is also prayer.

It was a big step for us to take. But, there was no way out of it! The Lord was most certainly blessing our humble apostolate, and young people in ever increasing numbers were flocking to it. Our hearts rejoiced. By mail, and often in person, Ordinaries of distant dioceses—in Africa and Asia, as well as continents nearer home, were requesting new foundations. Moreover, at the last World Congress of the Lay Apostolate, in October, 1957, in Rome, the pope himself had most emphatically and repeatedly emphasized the ever growing need of the Lay Apostolates, especially for Mission countries.

The More The Hungrier

BUT . . . more people meant the need for more housing, and more money to feed them. In justice to our benefactors, and in fulfillment of our vow of Poverty, we could not go on buying retail and wholesale. It was much too expensive, this feeding of some sixty people three times a day the year round. The time had come to grow as much food as possible ourselves. That could be done only by buying a farm.

Just as we had come to this evident conclusion, a farm was offered us at a reasonable price. As usual, we did not have the money. We bought the farm as usual ON FAITH. For long ago and far away we learned that when the need for expansion arose, the Lord demanded utter TRUST in His providence. Again it worked. The farm is almost paid for. Another two thousand dollars will give us the deed to it.

The building needed repairing. The soil was none too good to start with, and decades of old-fashioned farming had depleted what little fertility there was in it. The soil also had to be "repaired, restored, enriched" for pasture lands, so that the farm animals could have enough grazing, and enough hay for the winter; so that vegetables, which form the main part of our diet, could be grown; and so that fruit trees and berry bushes and grain could be planted.

Laboriously we began the work of restoration, to which we are—come to think of it—dedicated on a large scale. RESTORING THE WORLD TO CHRIST is our aim. Restoring soil . . . a farm . . . would be good preparation for it.

To Make New Again

A team was appointed to man the farm. One was formerly a farmer. All the rest were city men. But they learned. And all of us helped. We have 14 men on the staff, and five or more Visiting Volunteers. These all pitched in, to repair the house, to weed, to hoe, to plow, and to make new again what was old and drained.

Today, due to the goodness of benefactors, we have the beginning of a nice Ayrshire herd. Seven young cows. They have presented us with three new calves, and four more are expected. We have also two or three ordinary cows, not registered thoroughbreds. They give us calves and milk too. We have four sows, that, seemingly without pause, provide us with piglets. These we sell to pay for the many farm expenses. We have six pigs growing for our own table. Three hundred chickens work hard, providing us with eggs, meat, and even feathers for our pillows.

Three ewes and a ram, we hope, soon will give us a flock of sheep, and pounds and pounds of wool, to sell or to spin and weave or knit into the warm garments and socks our rugged Canadian winters demand. Fifty apple trees, and many patches of rhubarb, and many rows of strawberries and other fruits, will provide us with all the deserts we shall need throughout the year.

A Farm Is A School

Yes, it was a good decision to make, this buying of a farm. It is a school of work, love, and peace. It allows us to save the money given to us by our good friends, and use more of it for the needy. It teaches everyone in our apostolate many truths that might otherwise remain unknown. And it prepares us for our mission work.

The farm brought us a new shining gladness too . . . and an immense blessing . . . since it brought the Lord Himself into the backbush of Combermere. The farm is five miles away from Madonna House proper. The farm crew has many chores to do in the mornings. It would have been too hard for them to observe our prayer schedules. We asked our good bishop for a private chapel in the farm house. He graciously granted the permission. Now the farm crew has a chapel, with the Blessed Sacrament in it, and a chaplain who lives with them!

Alleluia! Our first chapel, at Madonna House, opened its hallowed doors to us on December 8, 1953. The chapel of the Cana Colony, welcomed visiting and vacationing families last July and St. Benedict's Chapel was blessed last fall. THREE ALTARS . . . THREE CHAPELS . . . IN FOUR YEARS . . . OUR LORD COMING TO BLESS SO MUCH OF COMBERMERE AND VICINITY! That alone is a grace beyond computing.

I have often wondered about the many discussions among the lay apostolates of our time—ideas regarding the importance of handicrafts, the return to the land, the living of a primitive life, the baking of bread, and the learning of household arts.

Not by Bread Alone

I think all are imperative, much needed. But I think they must "grow from within" as it were, not be imposed from without. And they must be connected with the life of a given apostolate. If that is not the case, they become "alien" to the apostles. It seems foolish, for instance to bake bread in a busy city apostolate, where it would be simpler to beg it, and where it would cost less to buy than to bake. Gas and electricity are expensive! The same with weaving and spinning. Unless wool is easily obtainable, free, or at cheap prices, the finished garment will cost more than one ready made. There is a fitness to all things and a time for all of them.

If there is truly a need to learn such arts and works in order to serve our brethren in distant lands, then the setting for such study must be right. Such a school should be a farm that provides for most of the needs of its pupils—in the spirit of poverty. For nothing in the apostolate can be artificial. All must grow slowly, reverently, from true need—or because of a definite goal. Then it is truly "learned" and well absorbed. The same goes for art, music, and drama. These must come, because the "time tables of God" in the apostolate call for them.

But we must not disgress from St. Benedict's farm, which, for us, is truly a school of work and charity, and an implementation of our vows of poverty.

It occurred to us that perhaps our elder brothers in St. Benedict, or the Oblates of that Holy Order, might wish to help their Father and Founder with this little farm in the backwoods of Canada, that has been handed over to his holy ministrations, and where his holy peace abides.

We sorely need a tractor. A seeder for grains. Shovels. Rakes. And other hand tools. And there is still TWO THOUSAND DOLLARS TO PAY ON THE FARM ITSELF. The head farmer is a Benedictine Oblate of St. John's Abbey, in Collegeville, Minn. Perhaps the Oblates of this Abbey would like to adopt him and the farm for the year 1958? Perhaps

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WHERE LOVE IS — GOD IS

Mother of God and Mother of men. In this YOUR month, bend down to our need of you . . . beholding our poverty . . . our fears . . . our complaisance and mediocrity . . . come and speak to our hearts in the silence of our strange twilight.

Come, beloved, and speak to us of love. You who gave birth to LOVE ITSELF. Take us — such as we are, dusty from our long journey into nowhere, and set our feet on the paths of your son. And, knowing us . . . and our weakness . . . walk a piece of this road with us . . . allowing us to hold the hem of your garment for courage.

And walking with us . . . as you once walked to Elizabeth . . . tell us of Him Who is your Son and your God and ours. Tell us of His courage . . . of His love for us . . . of His hunger for our love. Speak slowly . . . so that our ears, dinned with the noise of the world, may truly be opened to your soft voice, and absorb your precious words. Walk with us, then, in silence. The silence that was your seamless robe through all your years on earth. Let the soothing holy balm of it make us whole again . . . and opening our ears and eyes — let it teach us to "see and hear" again . . . the words of eternal life — your Son gave us to live by.

Before you leave us . . . touch our foreheads lightly, in a motherly blessing, so that our restless feet may not leave the path you set them on . . . so that our restless hearts may seek no other hearts save yours and your Son's.

If weep you must . . . as well you may . . . beholding our coldness and reluctance . . . our dust . . . blindness and deafness . . . then let your tears fall upon us. They will cleanse us, as nothing else could . . . and their holy weight will remain with us.

Take, for a moment our hands, into yours. Turn them palm upwards . . . to show us what we already know . . . but alas forget so easily . . . that in these our sinful hands we hold the fate of the world . . . for we possess the Truth . . . the fullness of Truth . . . Who is your Son. We have been baptized in the NAME OF THE FATHER, THE SON, AND THE HOLY GHOST . . . AND WE HAVE BEEN FED ON THE STRONG MEAT OF THE SAINTS . . . THE BODY AND BLOOD OF YOUR SON. Now we must show His face to all our brethren, we must begin to love as He loves . . . bringing men to Him and Him to men!

Remind us . . . that unless we do this . . . peace shall depart from this world . . . and death indeed shall take possession of it . . . and the face of the Lord will be turned away from us and we shall perish under the weight of our sins.

Mother of God . . . Mother of men . . . In this YOUR month bend down to our need of you.

Deo Gratias

For the music of the waters,
For the wild wind's melody;
For the arch of heaven's splendor,
For the secrets of the sea.
For the wonders of the night-time,
For the glory of the day;
For the blessed joy of living:
DEUS EGO AMO TE!
For the pearly flush of rose-leaves,
For the flower scented air;
For the trembling hush of dawning,
For the beauty everywhere,
For the joy of friendly faces,
For the graces of each day,
For the hope of winning heaven:
DEUS EGO AMO TE!

Lulie

Prospecting

How carefully they panned
The Yukon's streams
That they some gold might find
And riches bring—

O Mary pan the sands
Within my heart
And find some gold
To offer
To my King—

—Mary Ruth

In Praise Of Mary

The Notch Publishing House, of Great Notch, N.J., intends to publish an anthology of praise to Mary, some time during this Jubilee year celebration of her appearance at Lourdes. It asks for contributions from "every Marian lover", even those who have never written before and do not feel they can write.

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A Love Letter To Mary Immaculate

By Eddie Doherty

Dear Mother Mary; I spent a part of last night thinking about you. Did you know that? I do not know how long it was; but it was glorious. I went to sleep, finally, and woke refreshed—as though I had never opened my eyes. And all day the exultation lingers. And the physical well being.

I think it happened because I was disappointed in myself at not having written anything in honor of your month of May. (Maybe I expect too much of myself.) I had considered writing a verse or two, but only one line sang itself to me. "The blue flame of the violet has set the woods afire."

O My Leaky Nose!

It wasn't May, and I hadn't seen a violet. There was still snow in the woods, and lots of it. The birds still cawed, and had not yet begun to chirp. I was in bed with a cold, feeling like a last year's wreck, all covered with veridigris and mold. I couldn't even have set myself afire. I was a crumb. Numb and dumb. Stupid dumb, I mean; not movie finger dumb.

I awoke with the feeling of self-disgust, and reached for the glass of apple juice Mary Jean, the nurse, had ordered for me. In the act of wetting my salt-fish-dry throat, I immediately felt well and joyous. It was as though you had, at that moment, come unheralded into my room—as a mother does, sometime, to see how the child is sleeping.

I knew then, that you didn't care whether I wrote the poem or not. There were a hundred thousand other ways of showing you my love, and I wanted to stay alive a long long time so that I could love you more and more.

Miracle of Life

Curiously I realized how wonderful it is to be alive. Just to be able to reach out my arm and bring that glass to my lips was a miracle. To be able to drink and enjoy the contents was another miracle.

Elated with this new-old discovery that I still had life, I got up and walked the length of the room and back—just to enjoy it. I looked out at the stars, those old-fashioned sputniks the Lord made so many eternities ago. I enjoyed the sight of them. Lady, I wish I could rent one all for my own, and put you on it every night, so I could talk to you whenever I woke up. "I'll look over the whole milky way, some night, and pick out a star that's solid gold, set with red and blue flashing diamonds."

I stretched myself, luxuriously, enjoying myself, and giving thanks to God that I was neither paralyzed nor dead. I am not at all like the saints, who are so eager to get to heaven they despise this life. My life is full, and I enjoy it to the full. Only, I did not realize this until last night.

Thanks To You

You have made it full, Mary, King's Daughter, King's Mother, King's Spouse. You have made it joyous.

Why can't you give some joy to other writers—especially those who write such unhappy and unhealthy books? Why can't you give some joy to those wretched P.O.A.U. people who are so concerned for the separation of Church and State—and apparently more concerned for the State than for the Church?

Why don't you make May Day no longer a red holiday but a Marian holy day? You can do it. You are the dispenser of all God's graces. You can give them where you will, to whom you will, when you will, as you will. If the reds knew what joy and peace there is in loving you, Mary, Mother of God, my mother, they would love you too—perhaps even more than I do.

Why you picked me, of all people, I don't know. I don't want to know. I hope you never let me go. But, since you did pick me—and I was not the only rotten apple in the bottom of the barrel—you can pick others. Most any of them would serve you much better than this spoiled brat of yours.

I love you so much I want everybody else to love you. If the whole world loved you, Mary, it would be a happy and a blessed world. And life would be heaven.

Thanks for the bit of heaven you brought to my room last night. Come see me every night. Your Eddie.

Will You Help Christ?

Last month we sent out a begging letter. Most of the readers of Restoration got a copy of it. But many new readers may not have received it. Our need for cash is still immense. So we thought we would print it in this issue.

Dear Friends,
Somewhere in outer space, man made satellites spin their threads of wonder and fears, while on earth men's minds spin their threads of doubts, agonies and hopes. A world all knew is dead. Another world is being born. What will it be? A child of peace . . . or a child of destruction and death?

Quien sabe? Who knows? Who can tell? Only those who realize that the answers do not really lie in better schooling . . . more engineers . . . scientists . . . more missiles or more atomic weapons . . . but in the rock bottom realities of the spirit . . . Faith and Love.

FAITH IN GOD . . . AND LOVE OF HIM AND NEIGHBOR.

In the depth of our Faith and in the height of our Love . . . lie the answers.

My own mind is numb. Numb with the pain of Christ in our loveless world. I am like one left for dead, lying in the dust of a thousand roads. Yet alone . . . my heart watches . . . and all I can do . . . is let it watch . . . and speak!

It sees half the world bent on crucifying, killing, annihilating my LORD IN THE SOULS OF MEN.

It sees my LORD hungry and weak in so many . . . all over the earth.

It sees my LORD naked . . . in so many places . . .

It sees my LORD lonely . . . everywhere . . .

It sees my LORD sick in millions of hovels and huts . . .

It sees my LORD imprisoned in naked cells . . . and overcrowded stockades . . .

It sees my LORD in endless Gethsemanies . . .

It sees my LORD in chains in a hundred thousand souls . . .

Before satellites in outer space . . . before meetings at the summits . . . or in the pits . . . I am, like an unlettered child. But before hate, I am learned. For I have the answer—LOVE! Love alone can conquer hate!

Before the seemingly weighty affairs of men . . . their buying and selling . . . I am like an infant that has not yet learned to talk. But before their doubts, fears, loneliness, sickness, of mind and body, I am like one schooled in many schools . . . I know the answers. . . SERVICE AND SACRIFICE . . . PRAYER AND MORTIFICATION . . .

Ours are frightening, dark and dangerous times . . . times of famine and wars. Famine of the spirit . . . and wars whose final victory is the gain or loss of the souls of man . . . Not geographical possessions or losses . . . No! Ours are the times of revolutions. The revolt of Satan and the revolt against Satan. Two armies face one another in truth and deed. The army of Christ . . . and the army of Anti-Christ. We the sons and daughters of the Church, are on Christ's side. Our humble Lay Apostolate forms a unit of HIS COMMANDOS.

Ours is a life on the front lines of the battle. We stand ready at a moment's notice, to go into no-man's land . . . with our weapons of love, service, sacrifice, prayer, and mortification . . . and to serve anywhere in Canada or the United States.

But we need more to implement our heavenly strategy—
WE NEED MONEY—TO FEED THE HUNGRY CHRIST . . . IN THOSE WHO HAVE NOTHING TO EAT OR DRINK . . .

WE NEED MONEY TO CLOTHE THE NAKED CHRIST . . . IN THOSE WHO HAVE LITTLE TO WEAR . . .

WE NEED MONEY TO HELP THE SICK CHRIST . . . IN THOSE WHO ARE SICK . . .

WE NEED MONEY TO VISIT CHRIST . . . IN THOSE WHO ARE IMPRISONED. (THIS JOURNEY IS LONG AT TIMES)

WE NEED MONEY TO UNCHAIN THE CHRIST . . . CHAINED IN THE SOULS OF MEN (JOURNEYS AGAIN . . . AND BOOKS)

WE NEED MONEY TO SEEK AND FIND THE LONELY CHRIST . . . IN THOSE WHO ARE LONELY . . .

PLEASE HELP US TO MAKE CHRIST WHOLE AGAIN . . . FOR THE WEAPONS OF THE SPIRIT . . . AND FOR THEIR IMPLEMENTATION, WHICH ALONE WILL WEAVE OUT OF THE THREADS OF SATELLITES A FABRIC OF PEACE FOR THE WORLD OF TOMORROW.

THAT ALL MAY BE ONE

By Marite Langlois

Elmonton, Alberta—Here as in many parts of the North American continent, a number of the population belongs to the Eastern Rite. Inquiries often are made here at our Catholic Information Centre regarding our brethren of the Eastern Church of whom, alas, most of us know so little.

A small pamphlet, entitled *THE EASTERN RITE CHURCHES—CATHOLIC AND ORTHODOX*, by Reverend H. A. Seifert, C.S.S.R., published by Liguorian Pamphlets, gives us some enlightening facts on the subject.

Catholics of the Eastern Rite belong to the One, Holy, Catholic and Apostolic Church—the Mystical Body of Christ—they subscribe to the same faith as Western Catholics do and they are in submission to our Holy Father the Pope.

One and Many

However, unity of belief does not mean uniformity of worship. The Catholic Church is not uniform in the language she employs, in the manner of offering Holy Mass nor in administering the sacraments. She makes use of various church rites and official languages at the present time, and has done so from the beginning of Christianity. There are at least fourteen different rites in which the Mass is offered and the sacraments of the Church administered and there are at least twelve languages which are approved by the Catholic Church for official use.

The question might arise in our minds, "These people of the Eastern Catholic Church constitute such a small minority! About ten million compared to 350 million Roman Catholics! Why do they not join the Roman rite and use the Latin language? Then the Catholic Church would really be united in unity and uniformity".

At first sight it would seem that this would be the logical and reasonable thing to do. But the rites of the Eastern Church are just as old and beautiful and time-honored as our own. These people love their liturgy, their ceremonies and their Mass as we love ours.

Besides, the Holy See, with the wisdom of centuries, insists that Eastern Catholics continue to follow the ancient rites of their ancestors. Pope Leo XIII said: "The Catholic Church does not possess one rite only but embraces all the ancient rites of Christendom. Her unity consists not in the mechanical uniformity of all her parts but on the contrary in a variety which is vivified by one principle, the Catholic faith".

In His Time

Let us go back to the beginning of Christianity to understand this a little more clearly. Our Lord was an inhabitant of the Eastern world. So were all the apostles, the disciples and all the first Christian communities. The first twenty Popes were Easterners, the early Fathers of the Church were all from that part of the world.

The apostles and disciples, and early missionaries used the language of the people in church services when they established the first Christian communities. The Mass was offered in its essential features, Offertory, Consecration and Communion, but there was a great variety in the manner of offering, in the ritual, prayers and devotions. We find that the Mass was not said in Latin until the third century.

In the early centuries of the Christian era, the universal Church was organized in five distinct parts. Each of these was administered independently of the other. Each had its own patriarch, its own liturgy, discipline and customs. The patriarch of the West, the Pope of Rome, enjoyed a primacy of jurisdiction as successor of Saint Peter and he was a final court of appeal in doctrinal matters.

But friction and ill feeling, jealousy, distrust, and personal ambition were soon manifested between the East and West. The East gradually separated from the West in the matter of allegiance to the Vicar of Christ. Thus what is known in history as the Greek Schism gave rise to the Orthodox Eastern Church.

Study All Rites

During the later middle ages, it looked as though the Catholic

Please send all checks and money orders and all cash to Madonna House, Combermere, Ontario, Canada. May God Bless You, Catherine Doherty.

Church were becoming entirely a Latin institution and as though Catholicism was necessarily synonymous with the Western Church. Soon however, large bodies of Eastern Christians began to return to the Pope's obedience. And this reunion continued through the centuries even to our own time.

The Holy Father wishes us to acquaint ourselves more and more with the Eastern Catholic Church. We may therefore visit these churches and attend their services, to learn about these other brethren of our holy faith.

If you would like to read more about this subject, we recommend the pamphlet mentioned above as well as the following, which we would be glad to send you:

Liguorian pamphlets:
We attend a Greek-Rite Mass.
Married Catholic Priests.
A Guide to Mass in the Byzantine Rite.
Paulist Press pamphlets:
Eastern Catholics and A Comparison of the Roman and Byzantine Mass.



Hail Mary

HAIL MARY!

A simple greeting, warm, friendly, sincere, this is the kind of "hello" we pass on to someone we love. It completely lacks the showy pretentiousness with which we might greet a cold, distant mother-in-law.

FULL OF GRACE.

You are the chosen one, an exquisite chalice fashioned of the finest materials, filled with God's own life in a "measure pressed down and overflowing."

THE LORD IS WITH THEE!

If only those not of the Faith would look closely at this! God made His image, man, a helpmate in woman. Is it so strange that He made Himself a co-worker also, thereby raising all woman-kind to a new dignity?

BLESSED ART THOU AMONG WOMEN.

In you is embodied a perfect combination of womanly being; holy marriage in pure virginity, a normally active life based on the findings of the inner life's search. AND BLESSED IS THE FRUIT OF THY WOMB, JESUS.

With the abandonment of your will, your utter renunciation, and the whole giving of yourself, you gained everything!

HOLY MARY, MOTHER OF GOD, PRAY FOR US SINNERS.

You add up as high as finite numbers can go. We are, most of us, less than zero, morally negative. It is no wonder He invested you, the one credit to the human race, in His Plan for paying off our debt.

NOW AND AT THE HOUR OF OUR DEATH.

A parting word, Mary: impress on us the realization of the grace of the actual moment. Now, that will spark the fire to an unquenchable love which can only be culminated in the Face of God. Amen.

Spring Prayer

By Barbara Miller

What do you think, dear God? Down in the woods I found—A flower dressed in blue, Coming out of the ground!

What do you think, dear God? Today I saw a tree All full of baby leaves—Shaking their heads at me!

O! thank you God, for all This lovely time of year! Thank You, for everything That You have done down here!

Every Man His Own Missionary

By Mary K. Rowland

Stella Maris House, Portland, Oregon—In giving talks about our work here at Stella Maris House and our Apostolate in general, I meet many people of good will who want "to do something" for God. I am consistently asked about the foreign missions—"Can married people go there?" "I'm single and working; where can I go?"

The questions are countless, and the answers are the same, and so simple. The only thing is, these good people haven't heard them . . .

The state of life that is your vocation, and the sphere of activity you're already in—your profession, neighborhood, club, parish, city and state—these are your field of operation. The influence of Christian thinking and attitudes are just as needed and important in our own vicinity as half-way across the world. There are so many things that each one of us can do. How much we do, depends on the love in our hearts—love of God and its overflow, love of neighbor. Love is ingenious and it finds a way.

Home Missions

There are good people in Portland who are doing wonderful things for God. But no one much knows about them. They receive no applause. Some of their friends and neighbors think they are a little unbalanced.

One of our regular Thursday night volunteers has six wonderful children, but she and her family have expanded their hearts to take in five foster children. These children are of varying racial origins. They find love and understanding in this Christian family, truly a miniature Church. The father is no high-salaried business man; he is a clerk. There are other families who have taken in—either as foster children or as completely adopted members—children of Indian or Negro parentage. These families felt it a privilege to have these members of Christ in their homes.

A couple who had a "rooming" house decided "to do something for God". They opened their home to old men, especially war veterans who needed care but were not sick enough to be in a hospital. Now these men have a warm homelike atmosphere, good meals, companions their own age, and are spending their last days contentedly.

Another lady heard about the needs of some old citizens downtown. She took over a hotel and is converting it for the use of "retired" men and women whose income is limited to their welfare cheques. For a reasonable rate they may have a private room, common dining rooms and recreation rooms, and complete independence.

To Help In Need

A young woman came here from California to work. She rented a large house, part of which she, in turn, rents to help maintain it. She fixed up the attic into three attractive little bedrooms with a common sitting room. This is for girls who "get stranded". They may stay with her 'til they get back on their feet, with no charge, of course.

There are so many examples of the influence of individuals, within the city, who have the idea of being apostles and of being responsible for their neighbors . . . and who act upon the idea. Some lawyers extend free services to those in need who can't afford to pay for legal advice. Some insurance men use their many contacts, and their personal influence, to promote right thinking, and social justice. Some social workers take a personal interest in their people, look for more than the immediate solution, do extra checking and contacting to help the people help themselves. Some men in labor unions work constantly for the spread of right principles in that field. Some teachers, in public and Catholic schools, exert an important influence on the children, and on educational principles.

Meet Your Neighbor

The idea of neighborhood is an apostolic venture nowadays. Like the couple who moved into a new area. They were interested in those who lived around them, and in the area itself. They became interested in getting the street paved. They made a survey of all the people on the block. There were block meetings and get-togethers. Soon neighbors who hardly knew one another became friends, amazed at what wonderful people had been living near them! This is probably true of many neighborhoods.

A woman I know saw a girl with a little baby collapse on the street. It was a Saturday and the agencies were closed. She decided to take the girl to her small home. The girl stayed with her and her family 'til she got her affairs straightened out.

There is a tremendous potential in some clubs and organizations, but it has to be awakened. A woman felt a certain Working Girls' Club was "too social". She kept going until she knew several of the members who felt as she did. Then they voiced their common discontent. They suggested some constructive work. The club as a whole, was delighted! Soon they were all busy helping the youth of the parish in a profitable healthy way.

Perhaps these examples seem small, insignificant. Yet these are the same things we hear and read about lay missionaries doing in foreign countries. For those who can't go across the oceans, there is a "Field white for the harvest" right here at home—except that here it seems ordinary whereas 10,000 miles away it sounds thrilling. At the roots, the fundamentals, it is the same. The living to the full of our Christianity, our Baptism and Confirmation—seeing everyone in Christ and letting them see Christ in us.

In this way all of us are privileged to share in the restoration of the world to Christ through Our Lady.



LIFE IN INDIA

"A few days ago when I visited the villages, a sickening sight met my eyes. A middle-aged man stayed alone with his wife in a poor hut. Some four or five robbers tore down the door and beat the man and woman unconscious. Then they took away the one bushel of rice and five hens they had. On leaving they spied a necklace and a ring on the woman's finger, killed her, and hacked off the finger for the ring. I saw the dreadful sight of the dead woman, and the poor man sitting in front of his hut, too dazed to think coherently of anything. This is in no way an isolated case. During the past few months there have been quite a few cases of robbery and murder. And we are afraid of what may happen during the summer months of starvation when whole villages will roam the jungle in search of tender leaves and roots to boil so they may eat."

"In spite of the awful misery and the constant starvation I am determined to go ahead with my program of rice paddy improvement. Last year I conducted some 50 demonstrations in 11 hamlets, and all succeeded better than expectations, giving 50 per cent. more than the usual yield, this in spite of the poor rains. I am aiming at 500 demonstration plots this year in about 150 hamlets. I shall need some 20 tons of fertilizers, a dozen knapsack sprayers and insecticides, 25 interculturating hoes, 6 pedal threshers, 6 hand winnowers, and other materials—costing in all somewhere between \$3,000 and \$4,000. And I shall need about \$750 or more for two or three permanent workers and perhaps a dozen part time workers. Expensive, but it will save many people from starving—or perhaps from being killed by robbers. Most of all I need your earnest prayers and sufferings. Yours gratefully, in Our Lord. "Father Stanley Miranda, S.J., Talasari, P.O. via Sanjan (W.R.) Thana Dist. Bombay State, India."

Christ Wants To Live In Winslow

By Catherine Maynard

Casa de Nuestra Senora, Winslow, Arizona—Life here is packed with good material for "human interest stories" of all kinds—sad and joyful, humorous and serious, tragic and happy. Yet, somehow, these stories are all alike—because there is only one LIFE, the life of Christ, which we all are meant to live as completely as we know how. Those who have been blessed with this knowledge have also the tremendous task of sharing the "good news" with those who do not know. (But how can we share with the dead?)

As we perform each work of the apostolate, we must remember it has two ends, the immediate and most obvious, and the less obvious but more important one.

We feed the hungry, to fill and nourish him and keep him alive, yes! but also to enable him to see Christ, to taste Christ, to live Christ. We clothe the naked, to cover and protect him, yes! so he can touch Christ, be clothed in Christ, live Christ. We instruct the ignorant, for only with knowledge can man enjoy life and live it fully, but also that he may know Christ, think Christ, and BE CHRIST.

"Though Christ a thousand times in Bethlehem be born, Unless He's born in us, our hearts are still forlorn."

Untried Examples
The hidden, silent years of Christ's life hold countless, unvoiced, unwritten, untold examples for those who would live His life.

And the Passion is not an event that happened once two thousand years ago. Christ's Passion goes on and on, every day, every hour, every minute. Each of us, during our lifetime has a share in that Passion, whether we know it or not. We can see it so clearly, too, in the lives of those around us, in their heartaches, their misery and their sufferings.

A recent two-day search here for shelter for a homeless family was a vivid reminder that "the Son of Man had no place to lay His Head." This is small comfort to a homeless mother and father and children, who know little of Christ. Seeing Christ in their plight should make us search more diligently. These people, too, are meant to share His Life. They share it and they know not. If any comfort was to be had in their sorrow, it would come from knowing of their participation in His need. How are they to know? Who will tell them about Christ?

Home Is The Place

The ideal place to learn Him is the Home. How rare today is the home where Christ is known and lived and loved!

The liturgy gives us THIS LIFE fully and completely—yet Sunday after Sunday, Christmas, Holy Week, Easter, all churches hold some parentless children (spiritual orphans, in a way, because their parents are not there with them.)

How will these children learn to take part in all that is happening before them? Will they grow into adolescence being disinterested spectators, and on to adulthood still not knowing that there is an important part for them to take in this life that the church constantly tries to give us?

No words from the pulpit, no catechism lessons, no examples from "other" Catholics will make the impression on a child that the example of Christlike parents will make. Parents who partake of the Life of Christ before the eyes of their children cannot fail to bring up children who love Him, know Him, and are filled with Him.

A Wedding Fight

A family down the street had a wedding the other night. But it was certainly not a part of Christ's life, that drinking, cursing, fighting, "party." Do they know there is another life for them? Maybe. Maybe not.

The bored, lifeless, dull groups of young people — is it possible they prefer the monotony of their existence to the exciting, full, fruitful, happy life of Christ that is theirs for the asking? Or don't they know the difference?

A walk down any street of our town will show at a glance that many people do not live Christlike lives, in fact, don't even know what it is.

We are surrounded by the dead

The churchless, prayerless lives that fill this house—

The childless selfish couple, (because they will it this way)

that live here—

The pride that keeps heads high and hearts cold across the way.

The sloth, laziness, and indifference everywhere, that deprive children of life, giving them just existence—giving them stones instead of bread.

We are surrounded on all sides by dead people—dead because they have no LIFE!

We share our "good news" by feeding, clothing, visiting, instructing, consoling, reprimanding, crying out constantly ourselves, "Help us, your servants Lord to LIVE with You, for You, and in You."

THE STORY OF AN ALB

By Mary Ruth

Maryhouse, Whitehorse, Yukon—Downstairs the groans of a well-loaded washing machine sing a symphony of cleanliness for some thirty pair of jeans, shirts, and socks of our school boys. Their weekly wash is a long job even with a machine. The boys who are doing it, stop to strike up the guitar while the wash churns. Strains of "I'm all shook up" are added to the music of the machine.

Beside me, Earle, our budgie bird, stands on his head and regards me with beady eyes. That is his way of asking for attention; to get out of his cage and perch on my shoulder, or to walk back and forth on the table as the typewriter carriage moves. Sometimes he likes to perch on my hand, watching the keys as I type, and ride up and down with the tapping of them. Can't you almost hear his cheery little chirp? He is trying to say "hello".

The Bishop Says Mass

Our beloved Father Gene, chaplain of Maryhouse, has returned to Madonna House for a time. He has been working very hard and the doctor ordered him to go away for awhile and just rest.

Meanwhile, Our Lady has given us a very special treat. His Excellency, Bishop Coudert, O.M.I. says Mass for us daily. Truly we are Our Lady's spoiled children! Sometimes, like a kindly father Bishop Coudert has a little holy card for everyone; or a special little prayer for us to say. Each day he reads the Gospel to us and delivers a homily.

Breakfast table conversations are something we wish we had on tape recordings. For we are regaled with interesting stories of the Bishop's life in the missions; the lore of the Indians, the history of the Yukon or the Mackenzie District.

I wish there might be two hours for these breakfasts. We learn so much.

A Cross Or A Rose

One of these stories I would like to share. When the Bishop was a little baby in France he was ill. His life was despaired of. His mother, devoted to Our Lady, promised that if Mary would cure him she would take him on a Pilgrimage to Lourdes after he had made his First Communion. She also said that if Our Lady wanted him to become a priest, she would give him up gladly, and do all she could to make him persevere. That very day she began to crochet an alb for him.

It had a design of roses and crosses. Jean Louis began to improve, and soon was well. When he was "good" his mother crocheted a rose into the alb. When he was "bad" she crocheted a cross.

Mrs. Coudert, at Lourdes, hoped to meet a Capuchin Priest, Father Marie-Antoine, whom everybody called "The Saint of Lourdes". But she did not push through the crowds in search of him.

The crowds were thickly massed at the Shrine, singing, and praying aloud. Lights flickered about Our Lady's Image. "The Saint of Lourdes", someone murmured. Hundreds tried to get near him. Without having moved, Mrs. Coudert suddenly found him standing beside her and her son. His face wore a tired look. But he smiled and spoke lovingly to Jean Louis. He put out his arms, and Jean Louis ran into them. He hugged the lad to his heart and said: "You will become a priest!"

Today, at the Convent of the Sisters of Providence, in Whitehorse, you may see a beautiful alb, worn by use but still serviceable. In the lace there are more roses than crosses. The bishop still wears it.

The hands that crocheted it were anointed, and folded in death, by her son, then a missionary bishop in the Vicar Apostolic of the Yukon Territory.



Life is not always grim at Maryhouse in the Yukon. Our Lady of the Fish has sent some big salmon to the missionaries there; and here you see three of them busily engaged in wrapping them, in parts, for the deep freeze—and we don't mean the snow outside. Reading from left to right are Miss Theresa Richard, Louis Stoeckle, and Miss Mary Ruth. You see, it isn't always moose meat on the table, or in the freezer. Nor is it always canned fish they have for Fridays—and other days.

COMBERMERE DIARY

At the conclusion of our Annual Retreat in Holy Week, Staff Worker Applicants Mary Beth Mitchell, and Sean O'Callaghan, took their first Promises of Poverty, Chastity, and Obedience for a period of one year, and became Staff Workers.

This year the group is so numerous that it was decided to hold a second Retreat later in April.

We enjoyed a wonderful talk, and movies, on Nicaragua, by Mrs. Alice O'Leary of Boston.

Our Priest Register has the names of these visitors: Fr. Poirier, O.P.; Fr. Janisse, C.S.B.; Fr. Pocock, S.M.M.; and Frs. Aidan and Ambrose, O.S.B.—the last of whom gave us a wonderful Mozart piano concert.

Although we had a green Christmas last year, we managed to have a white Easter this year—with a freak snow storm that started at 9 o'clock on Easter Sunday morn'g, and gave us six inches of snow. Even the Ottawa papers mentioned the 127 cars that were stuck between Killaloe and Bancroft.

Staff Worker Elsie Whitty was given the opportunity to return to Scotland; and we understand that her relatives there are planning on giving her a tour to Lourdes.

Five of our group are taking a Civil Defence Course for seven weeks at Barry's Bay.

Our Litanies of Loreto for May and rosaries, and shrines, will still highlight the Centenary at Lourdes.

"Uncle Willie" Dies

William Sinclair, known to all of Combermere, and to hundreds of people beyond its borders, as "Uncle Willie", died in the Pembroke General Hospital last March, of injuries suffered in a fall on the ice.

The years were gentle to Uncle Willie. He and time were great friends, perhaps because he was one of the few who understood time and treated it reverently, making use of it in a holy way. He knew that time had many wondrous truths to impart, many beautiful secrets to share with

those who did not abuse nor waste it.

Yes, Uncle Willie loved time, and time loved him. It gave him eighty-six of its years, all of them full of good living—honest, transparent years, like the soul of the man who lived them; gracious years.

Gently and slowly, time showed him that all its secrets were truly one big secret—missed by those who take time for granted and never give it a second's thought. So simple a secret and so immense; it is the secret that TIME IS GIVEN TO MAN AS A GUIDE TO GOD AND ETERNITY.

William Sinclair, buried from our Church of the Jesuit Martyrs on March 27th, learned this secret long ago. And so time gave him over to eternity, softly, gently, lovingly; and eternity brought him to the Lord of Hosts, the Master of time and eternity. God must have received his soul, the soul of a strong man, smilingly; for it was accompanied by the gift of years lived for Him day by day, in gentleness, in strength, in deep loyalty.

Those of us who were privileged to know Uncle Willie will never forget him. He was a rare person, one who preached the sermon of love constantly. In himself he was a whole school of love, of the immense Caritas of God. He knew the Lord's peace. His soul will rest in peace.

Uncle Willie, pray for us who still have so much to learn from time.

Temptation

Mary Ruth

Beloved, in this hour
Let me rest
Upon Thy heart;
Behold Thy Beauty
And Thy love.
Beyond these,
Time's attractions,
Hold me fast;
Inflame me
With Thy love,
Lest mine
Should waver
In its human need.
All Beauty and All Love,
O walk upon
The raging waters
Of my soul!
Depart not
Until stilled they be
Beneath Thy footprint—
Pressed into my heart.

OUR OWN WHO'S WHO



Mary Davis (formerly of Quebec City, P.Q. and Peabody, Massachusetts, graduated from Leonard High School in Quebec before coming to Madonna House. She is the daughter of Mrs. Margaret Davis and the late Charles Davis. Her mother now lives in Danvers, Massachusetts. Mary has been on the Staff of Madonna House for almost five years. She is, among other things, the chief gardener and the chief laundress. If she spins, she never gets dizzy.

JOURNEY INWARD

(Continued from Page One)

Here, on this branch
I must hang
My dress of
Self-love
And compromise
With the world.

I shiver now,
In earnest
But my feet
Seem to have
Wings.

Yet this sheltered
Rock
Beds for my
Underwear.

Slowly, reluctantly,
I shed, one by one,
My undergarments
Here goes self-
Indulgence.

Tidily, next to it,
I lay greed for
Possessions, and
Love of ease and
Comfort.

Next, not so
Tidily, go,
Helter skelter,
All the things
In me that are
Not God's.

Lord, behold
I stand naked
Before Thee,
With wings on
My feet.

With wings on
My feet!
Now my journey
Inward
Will be swift.

But it is
Not.
For I still
Stumble
And fall, and
Walk, haltingly,
Inches, instead of
Miles.

While the hunger for
God
Flays me and
Urges me to make
Haste.

Oh, I had forgotten
The shoes—
The heavy, comfortable
Shoes
That have shielded
My feet.

Shielded my feet
From the cutting
Stones.
From the sharp
Pebbles.

I must unlace
My shoes,
My comfortable
Stout shoes.

The last covering
Of my naked body.
The last stronghold
Of my non-surrender
To God.

I hesitate.
The narrow path
Upwards
Is so hard.

It has so many
So very many sharp
Stones.

So many knife-edged
Pebbles.

But the hunger
For God
Flames in me,
A furnace of fire
Unquenchable.

The fire of love,
Of passionate
Utter love
Of God.

I must go on
On that journey
Inward
That alone
Will bring me
Face to face

With Him
For Whom
I hunger
Constantly,
Without ceasing.

Quickly I bend.
With hasty clumsy
Fingers
I unlace one
Shoe,
Then the other.

My eagerness
Is becoming part
Of my hunger.

Recklessly
I throw
One shoe—this way
The other—that.

Not caring
Whither which falls.
And now
I am free.

I am free
And naked
And my feet
Have huge wings!

Huge wings
That carry me
Across the sharp
Stones.

And the knife-edged
Pebbles
Without harm.

Now brambles and
Thorns that edge
The path
Open up
And point
The other way.

I am a naked
Soul
Free and untrammelled,
Driven by the
Hunger of my love
For God.

Driven by my love for
God . . . on and on . . .
On this journey
Inward.

I did not know
It was going to
Be so easy
Once I had
Shed all my
Garments.

But now I KNOW,
For my hunger is
Satiated, filled,
Being assuaged,
Even
As I fly
On my winged feet.

Along the steep
Path upward,
It is being filled—
That hunger of mine—
So much, so well,

That I can feed
Others
With the surplus
Of the food given to me
So abundantly.

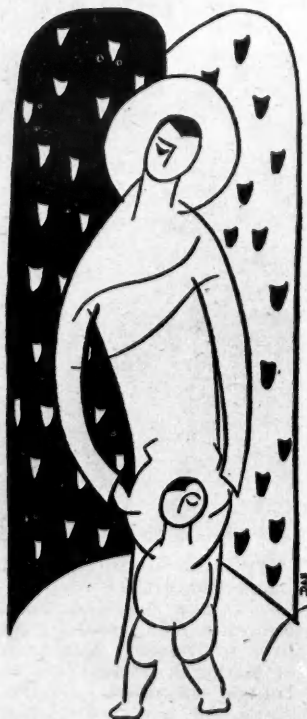
Yes, my soul hungered
For God, I think,
Before it was even
Clothed with flesh.

God meets,
Half way,
The soul
That starts
On its journey inward

Provided the soul,
Driven by its
Hunger of love
For Him,
Strips itself Naked.

That is the secret
Of His love
And of His kingdom
That begins
Even on this earth.

But the price—
I repeat
IS NAKEDNESS
COMPLETE.
EVEN UNTO
DISCARDING
SHOES . . .



LOOKS AT BOOKS

APOSTOLIC SANCTITY IN THE WORLD (\$3.75).

Symposium On Total Dedication
In the World and Secular Insti-
tutes.

Edited by Joseph E. Haley, C.S.C.
Notre Dame University Press.

For the past thirty years, the Catholic world, and quite a large segment of the non-Catholic world, have been asking the same questions—"What is this Catholic Action?" "Who started it?" "Where does it come from?" "Does the Church, the Pope, the Bishops, approve of it?" "Does it do any good?"

As time went on, some answers were forthcoming, but they were not always the same answers—even experts disagreed—on what was and what wasn't Catholic Action. Then, another strange group made its appearance in the midst of the whole controversial subject of "Catholic Action." They were men, women, and often priests, who banded themselves together either in groups of men alone, or women alone, or priests alone, or in a variety of combinations between themselves—and called themselves SECULAR INSTITUTES. These multiplied in the last decade most rapidly, especially on the Continent, of Europe, adding if one can say so, to the general bewilderment of the average Catholic, and sometimes even Seminarists, and priests.

Now comes a timely book—called—APOSTOLIC SANCTITY IN THE WORLD—A Symposium gathered and edited by an expert in the field, Father Joseph E. Haley, C.S.C., a scholarly priest of Notre Dame University, who has been a prime mover and channel of clarification for most of the Secular Institutes on the North American Continent. It is a book that should be and will be widely read. It will find a place in the libraries of the hierarchy. Copies of it will be found close at hand on the table of a Parish Priest. Retreat Masters will also read it for it will add immeasurably to their clarification on this new-old vocation of the laity. High School and College Libraries will make sure that copies of this book are on their shelves. For it is the type of book that can be called a reference book, as well as a book to read, to ponder, to meditate about.

New Concept

For fundamentally it is the story of the grace of God and the breath of the Holy Ghost on our century and its people. It is the incarnation of the desires of two Popes—Pope Pius XI, and our happily reigning Pope Pius XII. The first promoted Catholic Action, which became a Novitiate, a School for the Secular Institutes; the second, in his now celebrated document, "Provida Mater Ecclesia," not only gave the broad outlines of a constitution for all Secular Institutes, but officially and canonically, lifted this new-old vocation, of TOTAL DEDICATION TO GOD IN THE WORLD UNDER THE THREE VOWS—into the very heart of the Church, and miracle of miracles, while doing so, allowed the laity to remain lay, without becoming religious in the accepted sense of the word.

The table of contents alone whets the reader's appetite for further perusal of the book! Part I—"The Christian in The World" Part II—"Total Dedication In The World." Part III—"Secular Institutes In The Church." Part IV—"Church Documentation Regarding Secular Institutes." Part V—"Societies of the Life of Total Dedication In The World In North America." To this is appended a valuable bibliography. Yes—this is a most timely book. A book that is a must—for all those interested in the Church's Answer—which is God's answer—to the problems of our Modern World.

DEDICATION

By Joseph K. Hogan

Dedication is one of the key marks of the modern lay apostolate. In any work of the apostolate, survival demands a total commitment to the work at hand. This is no child's play. The obstacles are too great to demand anything less. And the work, the building up of the Body of Christ, is a high price to pay for any challenge.

God has not left us orphans, but given us the Holy Spirit to live in us. And to the man of vision the action of God in the world today encompasses all things. The Church is the extension of Christ in the world today.

Christ walks among the multitudes today with the feet of His members. Christ sees in the world today with the eyes of His members. Christ heals in the world today with the hands of His members. But all on the mystery of free will. We must allow ourselves to be the feet, and the eyes, and the hands of Christ to our brothers in the world. This mystery, that God works through us to achieve His ends in the world is only understood if we understand the Church. The Church is like Christ, both divine and human. The Church, now in time, is both earthly and heavenly. And the progress or retrogression of the Church today depends upon the way that I live today, here and now. This is the mystery, that the Divine will bends down to human will. If I do not show the face of Christ to the multitude in this particular place at this particular time then the love of Christ will be absent. Then darkness will be where light could have been. This is the divine plan. This is how imperative dedication is. We are either with Him or against Him. All of us, for God has chosen us.

Each person has an individual vocation in the plan of God. Each builds up the Mystical Body in a different manner. Each glorifies the Body of Christ. But for everyone it means nothing less than being a saint. A saint is one who is utterly in love with God and all things in God. A saint loves the world because God made it. When a saint loves God then all things become joy. A sunrise, a quiet evening, raindrops—everything in creation becomes an echo of the love of God.



Messengers of Love

The whole world should be the vision of the apostle. Today a gentle trickle of lay apostles begins to flow to the missions—a Doctor, a Nurse, husband-wife team to witness to Christian marriage in a non-Christian culture, a young man, a young woman, a group of little people. People like Edell Quinn who started the Legion of Mary in Africa; or Marguerite Dierkens, a nurse of the International Catholic Auxiliaries, who was shot in China because her charity was so immense. This quiet trickle may become a torrent only on condition that each individual becomes totally committed to the apostolate in his environment. For if anyone thinks he is afraid to live for God in his own neighborhood, how can he ever dream of India or Malaya or Viet-Nam? The Holy Spirit works in our familiar surroundings as well as China or Japan.

Man is a social being. Part of the work of dedication is to build the Christian community. As the Holy Father has said, a whole world has to be rebuilt, the savage made human, the human divine. The Christian community is simply a group of Catholics who help one another to be holy. It may be of any form but it brings people together who think, act, and desire the same things.

The Christian community is logically centered around the parish. It is the parish where the source of life for any apostleship is received. From the Mass and liturgy springs the fountain of grace and knowledge. And the priest is Christ in our midst. From the community of Christians we reach out, and with what we have received from the community we inform the Christian spirit into everything we do. From the Christian community in the parish springs the people who make up life of a nation. Then is the ordinary made holy, by holy men engaged in ordinary tasks. Then does good work have a supernatural value—from digging ditches to making atomic reactors. Then is man not a number but a human person with duties to himself, his neighbor, his nation, and to God. Then are the fruits of this earth made to serve man and God. Then is each person accomplishing his end and in his own way preparing for the second coming of Christ.

For in the Christian community we are building the city of God, not a city of earth but a city in the heart of man. We live on the earth and work the earth but our hearts belong in heaven. Our hearts were made for God. This is the essence of the idea of the Christian community which the apostle builds. It is of earth and of heaven. The time is short. The charity of Christ impels us.

LOOKS AT BOOKS

(Continued from Page One)

Only a man with a tremendous love for saints in general, and Don Bosco in particular, could have written a book such as the "Conquering March of Don John Bosco." And that man would have to have the gift of feeling things strongly, passionately, as does an Irishman; and seeing things clearly, factually, as does a newsman; and with an imagination brilliant enough to take a jig-saw puzzle of 10,000 pieces—stories, anecdotes, conversations, people of all sorts, a century of history, philosophy, music and a hundred other bits and pieces—and fit them all together to produce such a striking portrait of a great saint.

And more than a portrait. Because no man can come from the reading of this book and remain what he was before the reading of it. The book rocks and shocks heart, mind and soul. It packs a strange punch—"strange" because, unlike so many books about saints, it is not "preachy," or sentimental, or eulogistic. When you finish reading this book, you have not come from touching the plaster image of a saint, or even the marble statue of one. Eddie Doherty, with the skill and daring of a great reporter, with a driving passion for facts and "on-the-spot" reporting, has brought Don Bosco back to life. And with him, he has resurrected the times and the age in which the saint lived.

Awake The Fog-Bound

This book has power to shake, to stir, to stun, to jolt, and therefore to awake, the fog-bound, sleeping, apathetic Christians of our time who think they "believe" but really don't. If you aren't convinced that there is a living person by the name of Satan, and if you don't want to be convinced, by all means do not read this book. Don Bosco's mighty struggle with the Prince of Darkness is told so vividly, the person and the treachery of Satan exposed so skillfully, that you all but touch and feel the diabolical presence in many chapters of the book.

In other chapters you all but touch and feel the immaculate presence of God's beautiful Mother, the Blessed Virgin Mary, through Don Bosco's great love for Her, and her frequent visits to him.

The book is packed with literary gems, the like of which, on the commercial market, command a fancy price. Eddie Doherty has the gift of conveying so much to the reader in a few neatly-arranged words that ordinary men can understand, such as these two short paragraphs from the chapter describing Don Bosco's heroic service to the people of Turin during the cholera epidemic of 1854.

ET-Hellions

"But Don Bosco didn't work alone. Forty-four of his boys worked with him, day and night. And, to Turin, that was the

greatest miracle of all. They knew those boys. They were no good—no good at all! A year ago, a few months ago, a few weeks ago, hoodlums. Riffraff. Rabble. Petty thieves. Potential cut-throats. Hungry and ragged beggars destined for the prisons and the gallows. Idle. Ignorant. Hard. Incredibly dangerous.

"Yet look at them now. They were like so many infirmarians, nurses, skilled doctors, sanitation experts. And they were as contemptuous of cholera as Don Bosco himself! In a few weeks, in a few months, this strange priest, this tremendous man, had made marvels of wisdom and mercy out of so much scum! With forty-four little boys he was doing impossible things, forty-four little boys he had picked out of the rag bag of the Turin streets!"

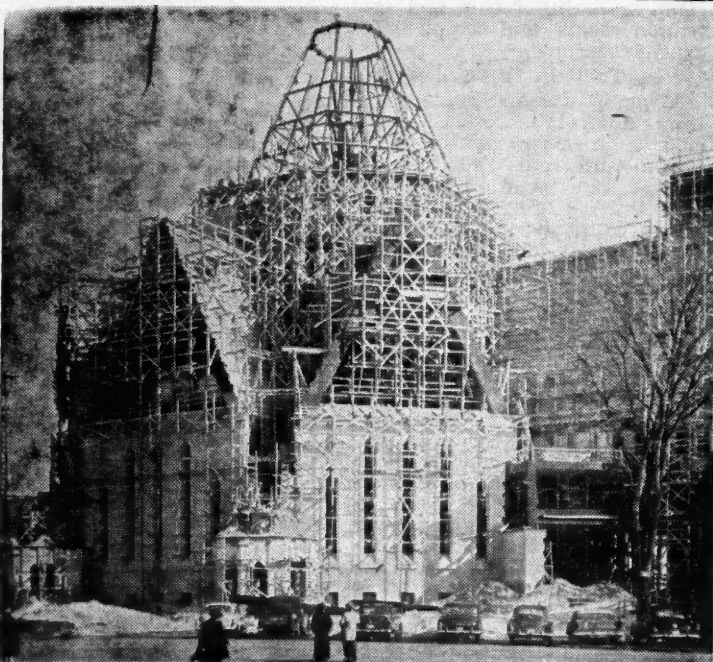
All three volumes of "The Conquering March of Don John Bosco" may be procured from Salesiana Publishers, 202 Union Avenue, Paterson, New Jersey.

OF PIGS AND PEARLS AND BATTLESHIPS

By Jose De Vinck

It is a common human weakness to deem of the greatest worth every offspring of our mind and will: to perceive a glint of precious value in our thoughts and words, in our whims and deeds, and to be cruelly disappointed when they are trampled by men, and even more so when they are completely ignored. And since all of us possess at least some traces of biblical reminiscences, it takes no time at all to identify the desecrator of our self-esteem with the providers of bacon and saddle-leather. Thus does our ego re-inflate itself with the melancholy thought of the wonderful riches the crowd is missing by misunderstanding our precious contributions to its welfare; and we comfortably sigh: "Margaritas ante porcos!" And we comfortably continue to scatter as we please the precious pearls of our personal brand of folly. For indeed it is folly, and of the greatest, to be so sure of our own worth that we expect others immediately to recognize its every expression, and to bow in admiring wonder; it is a great folly to place ourselves on a pedestal and to consider men merely as a lowly crowd, eager to collect the crumbs of our wisdom. For there is no true wisdom in self-esteem; and it is not only unwise, but uncharitable, to look down upon the pearls of the souls of men.

Let us then be humble, and launch our offerings not as fully-manned and rigged men-of-war, but as rafts of mercy, floating straws upon the tide of life, and let us greatly marvel and rejoice if any one of the better men, that is, if any man, deign to glance upon them, and smile . . .



With the return of spring, the tempo has quickened in the work being done on the future Rosary Basilica of Our Lady of the Cape. The picture shows the mass of scaffolding which will serve to fix the steel frame of the turret on the crown of the pyramid. Work on the granite outside wall has been resumed. The outside appearance will change a great deal during the coming season of pilgrimages. Thousands of pilgrims are expected this Centennial Year of the Apparitions of Lourdes.

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